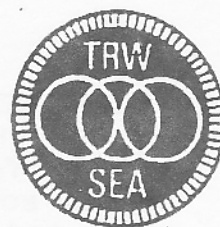




CROSSTALK

A Publication of the TRW Amateur Radio Club



AUGUST 1992

CALENDAR:

Every Monday: DCS Net on 145.32 Repeater @ 7:30 PM

Every Wednesday: Emergency Communications Team Net on 145.32
Repeater @ Noon

Every Friday: Club Breakfast in Bldg S Cafeteria, 7 to 8 AM

July 28: Club Meeting, R10/2778, Noon. Speaker is Gordon West, WB6NOA. Note special location, come early for a good seat or if you need an escort.

Aug 4: Executive Board Meeting, Upper Crust Pizza, Inglewood & Manhattan Beach Blvd, 5:30 to 7 PM

Aug 11: Emergency Communications Team meeting, R3/1413, Noon

Aug 14: Club Picnic, Polliwog Park @ Noon

Aug 20-23: **ARRL NATIONAL CONVENTION**, Los Angeles
Airport Marriott Hotel

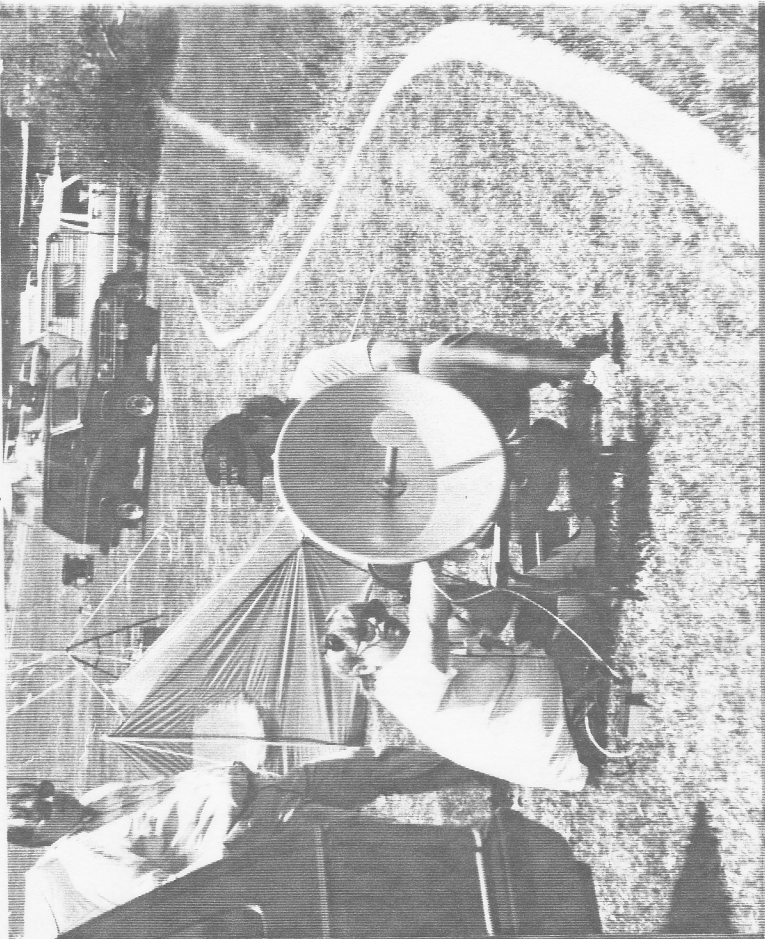
Aug 25: Club Meeting, E2/1200, Noon, Jeff Shields, N9CZA, will show his Field Day video

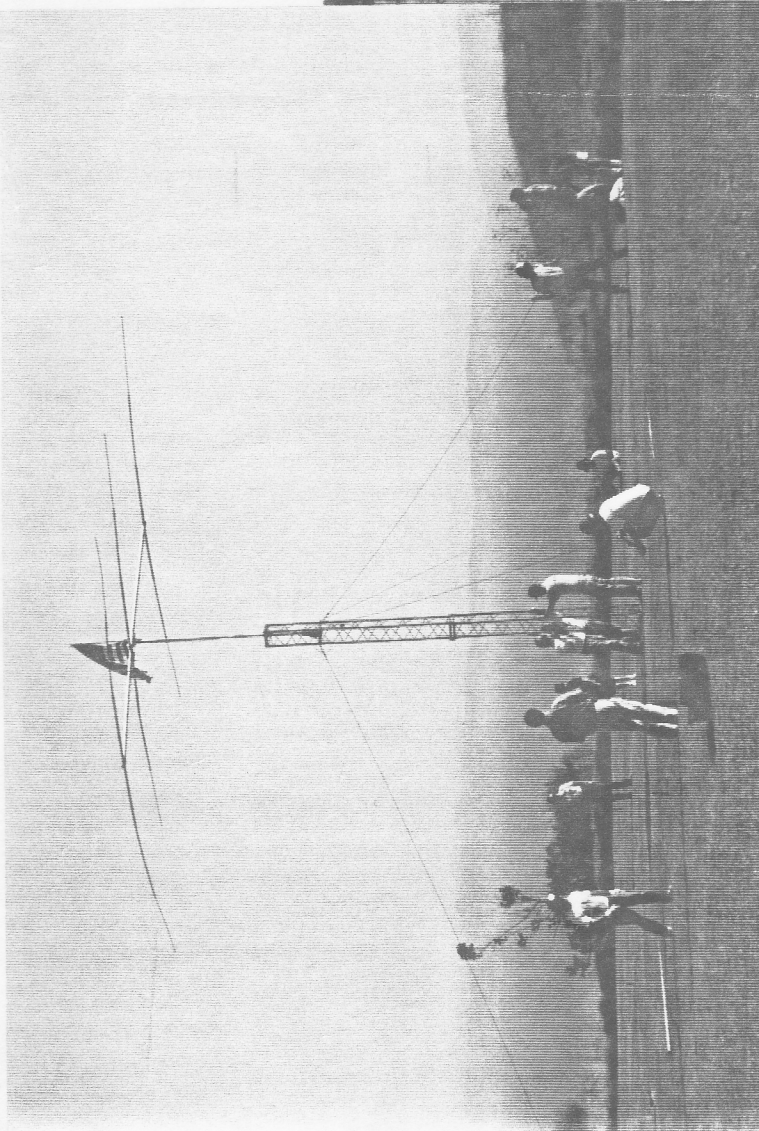
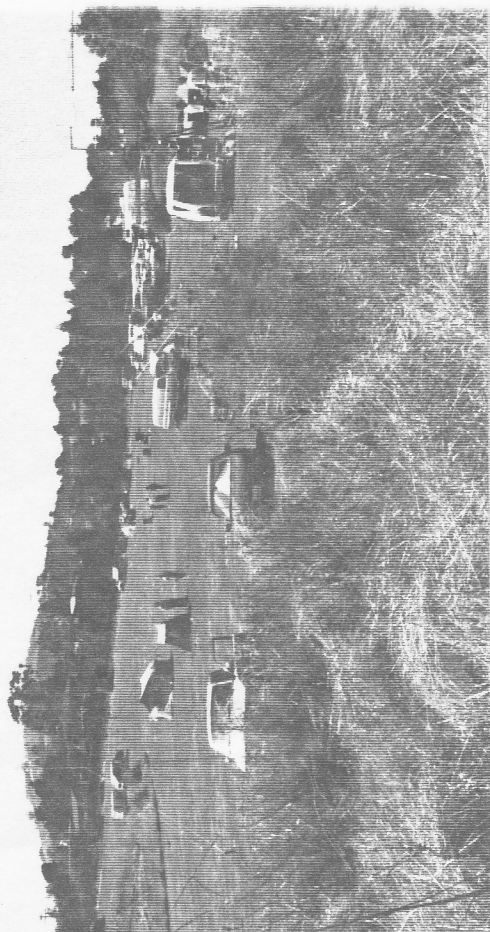
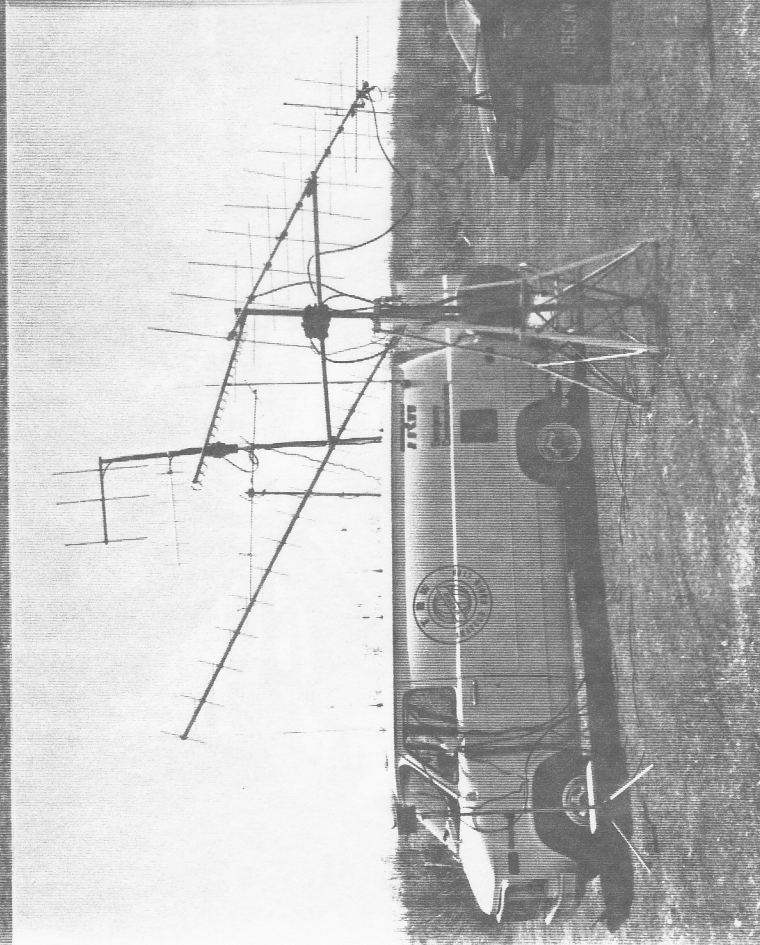
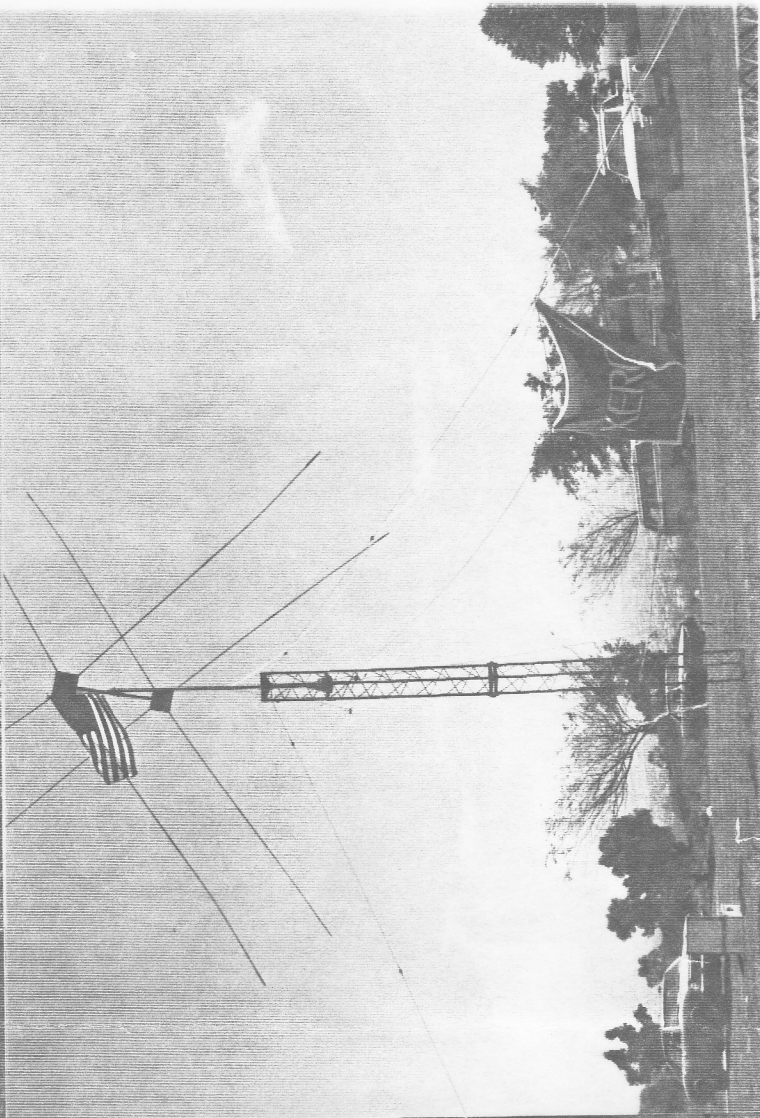
Aug 29: Swap Meet, parking lot on NW corner of Aviation and Marine, 7 to 11 AM

FIELD DAY: Field Day 1992 is now history and it was a big success despite generally poor band conditions. Due to the increased level of participation, mostly from the newer club members, the setup and teardown was accomplished in record time. At one time on Saturday afternoon I counted 40 cars parked around the site at Friendship Park. The weather was ideal and the views of the harbor and Catalina Island were the best I have ever seen.

The highest scoring band was 40 meters with 682 contacts on CW and 710 on SSB, next came 20 meters with 512 CW and 506 SSB QSO's followed closely by 15 meters with 229 CW and 866 on SSB. Our novice station made 151 contacts and 187 were made on VHF. We were disappointed in our 80 meter totals of 45 CW and 23 SSB but were hampered by not having a support high enough for a dipole; we will fix that next year for sure. The 17 meter WARC band total was 40 CW and 79 SSB due to a low level of activity by other field day sites on this band; with our new beam if we could hear 'em we worked 'em.

(Continued on next page)





1991 CO WW TA-SV DXpedition (Cont'd)

A little after seven am we arrived in Marmaris. No one knew where the ferry station was (M). We found it shortly and sat down on the steps of the ticket bureau, because it was closed. The rain subsided somewhat and the cab driver and his aid were busily unloading the car, but when they came to my suitcase, I tried to handle it myself. It was 44 kg - about 90 pounds with my radios in it - and I did not want to load down the poor guy, as he was rather skinny. He forcibly took the luggage from me and proceeded to carry it ashore through a six inch deep puddle. In doing so, he slipped, fell on his right arm and almost broke it (M). I tried to catch him, but he was too far away. I picked him and my suitcase up from the water, the poor guy excitedly started poking in the water, pointing at his mouth with his other hand. One of his teeth was knocked out (M) by my 90 pound luggage! We all tried to find his tooth in the water, but we did not find it. It was too murky. I felt terribly embarrassed and sad and gave him all the liras I had left in my pockets.

The boat was supposed to leave at eight am, but the ticket office was still closed at 7:45. Then a clerk showed up, opened the door and we told him about our plan to go to Rhodes. With a grin, he said that it is not possible, since the tickets have to be bought a day before departure (M). I pointed out that yesterday was Sunday, but this fact did not upset him a bit. At this point a porter dashed in and volunteered to talk to the captain of the ferryboat in our behalf. The ticket agent, somewhat reluctantly took our charge cards, and rejected mine immediately (M). He said it is not good. I used it a day before and the next day too, it was good. The boat's horn was sounding now with a detectable impatience, since it was no 0810. We naively dashed toward the boat, just to have steered away by the porter, we have to go through Immigrations.

The two Turkish policemen looked at us and the huge pile of luggages alterantly, the beautiful bright blue painted boxes and the long aluminum tube. With a short consultation among the policemen, we got our exit stamp in our passports. We tried to rush to the boat, but were retained and channeled into an adjacent building for inspection. I went first and the very serious looking official piercing in my eyes with a bloodchilling quality asked if I have anything to declare. No sir! Go! I carried my heavy load to the porter's handtruck. Spud and Harold in the meantime tried to pass the rest of the stuff through. The eyes of the official became fixated on the bright blue boxes - Spud's all-time masterpieces - and wanted to know about the contents. Quite naturally, Spud declared our radios. I wish I had a camera ready, looking at the inspector's face. He was about to levy export taxes on our equipment! I swore to him that the radios are used, (no lie) and practically useless, worthless (lie). Spud had difficulty at first finding his license (M) and spread out about 20 pages of paper on the inspectiontable. I found mine and tried to explain the whole thing to the inspector who spoke very little English. Spud and I both obtained the TA and SV licenses earlier. The official apparently has never seen a document like our ham licenses - written in the Turkish language - and after a dragged out explanation by the three of us simultaneously, he let us pass. As I exited, he called me back, he wanted to see the paper again. I unpacked, produced the paper, and after reading it, he let us go. The porter loaded all our luggage on his truck and started toward the ship. Running toward us was the inspector in the company of one of the immigration policemen, demanding the licenses a third time. They jointly studied the papers and a few minutes of consultation followed. The boat was waiting for us now for about 35 minutes.

Finally, we must have worn out the officials because they gave up and let us go. We could feel the hidden hostility on the faces of the people in the boat who were waiting for us now for 45 minutes. One could hardly see from the dense cigarette smoke inside the ship as we entered. So, we went out to the side, where there was room for a single line of passengers. The boat hooped happily and started out in a two hour trip. The Marmaris-to-Rhodes distance is about 40 km (25 miles). Both the rain, the wind and the waves too had gotten progressively worse. We were about halfway there and the island of Rhodes became visible in front of us. I kept fixating on the land, and all of a sudden I discovered that somebody apparently attached a line to the island and started pulling it to the right with great speed! I am a very appreciative and admiring student of Mark Twain, and immediately recognized the gravity of this phenomenon. At this time the waves tossed the ship like a toy in the pond. About 25 foot waves started flooding the boat from the side, a foot deep or so. I also noticed that in about a minute, the island was directly behind us! (M). I had to postpone the explanation of my scientific discovery about the island movement because we had to egress from the boat - at the same port we started out. The captain simply decided that the sea was too rough for his ship. We fully but unhappily agreed.

After a long waiting in line for entry stamps in our passports, we had to collect our luggage and look for a place to spend the night at. Our ubiquitous porter (at \$15 a shot) took us to a small hotel just across the street - or more accurately across a small ocean, because the heavy rain and debris clogged up the sewage system, allowing the water to rise uncontrollably on the streets. We walked in eight inches of water (better than the ship with 12 inches of water) and settled in a small hotel. This hotel had two stories, each having one toilet and one shower. It was very clean though, and at \$8.00 a shot, we did not complain.

I noticed before, as we stepped off the boat, that a military band passed by in front of us in snow-white and totally wet uniforms beating out a drum rhythm. I knew right then and there that we, US hams have great deal of appreciation abroad and the country is paying its respect to us, even if some inspectors do not agree. After all, what else can it be? It can. I learned that the day was 60th anniversary of the establishment of the Republic of Turkey by her first President, an army officer called Kemal Ataturk, the modernizer and uncontested benefactor of the country.

We settled down and dried off a bit. It was noon, the sun came out, so we decided to get something to eat. Midway, an unexpected downpour drenched up (M) again. We found the Turkish food to be quite delicious and went home to dry up. Later the rain stopped and the sun appeared from behind the clouds again. I decided to take a short walk down the street where the President's statue is erected, sitting on a horse. I wanted to take a picture of him, the one who introduced democracy to Turkey. As I raised the camera, the rain started suddenly and I was soaked (M) to the bones again in a few seconds the third time that day. A fifteen minute hot shower (finally!) had never before felt that good.

After a good and well deserved sleep, we set out to try again. The crowd in front, around and behind the Immigration office was quite huge. About 40 minutes later we reached the magic window (again). Everybody and all nationalities passed right through, I was ordered by the police to stand to the side and wait (M). So was Spud and Harold. (M). At least we were not lined up against the wall. After everybody passed except us, the boat started hooping its foghorn - come on guys! A policewoman and a policeman were laboriously sifting through a number of typewritten lists, occasionally casting some quite expressive and unmistakably cold looks upon us. The two, after leaving the building to the inspection place and consulting him (you know who) they returned and called up twice

each to explain our presence in Turkey. We were not on the lists! Since they spoke only a few words of English, it took quite a while to explain why we are still in Turkey, when we already left yesterday! Why us? (M). Everybody else shared the same fate. I'll never find out and don't want to either. After the third stamp, we were - again - channelled to inspection. Please allow me to leave out the details.

The trip this time on a larger ship went smoothly, it was indeed a beautiful voyage. We were supposed to meet Charley, an ex US Navy ham at the harbor of Rhodes, who knows all the ropes in Greece. Since we were a day late, he gave up on us (M). He was supposed to pick us up at the harbor. With our new porter's help we went to Immigration. 35 minutes and another stamp later we were ready to face inspection, but they were not. All the officials left, by then, we were free. We obtained a taxi and drove to Helena Hotel, where we had reservations. The driver to the Mercedes taxi was somewhat concerned about the overload of the luggage/people combination and was hesitant to take us. The long aluminum tube with our antenna in it could only be accommodated by having it inserted through the left front window, crossing diagonally back into the car, between Spud and Harold, who had to buffer the end of the tube with his hand to prevent the tube accidentally knocking out the rear window. I held the other end of the tube, sticking out about three feet, with a beautiful blue box on my lap. The cab driver said that the combination of overload and illegal arrangement of the parcel can result on each count the losing of his license. We advised him to drive fast, thereby reducing the time we have to spend on the road and reducing the probability of detection.

Upon our arrival at the hotel, Charley was surprised - he thought we would never come, but we explained the problems we had. He spends a few months in Rhodes in the summer, otherwise he spends his time with his XYL in Athens.

The manager of the Helena Hotel is an SV ham, and we had no problem securing an overnight stay despite the fact that the hotel was officially closed for the year. We were assured that although the bar is closed, there exist a sizeable emergency ration of dilute happiness. He called some other SV hams and we had a terrific time sipping very good beer and ouzo, the national drink of Greece, discussing ham audio and other topics. Next day Charley asked us if we could take his tower and vertical down for the winter. So we did, and a sudden burst of water above made us thoroughly wet (M). We also learned from him, that the ferry we took was the last one of the year! (almost M).

Next day we took a 1st class ship to Athens. More than half a day on water, but it was enjoyable. We arrived in Athens and Charley took us to his QTH, where he introduced us to his antenna farm on the roof (10-160M) and his XYL, not necessarily in this order. The rest of the story is uneventful, standard drudgery - waiting for planes, loading, checkpoints, demonstrating that my HT is not a bomb, etc. Twice I had to turn on the rig to demonstrate the hiss of the loudspeaker to confirm, that it is indeed a radio! After all these calamities, we have won over Murphy! By now, at the end of our trip, we were able to wear out Murphy completely. He could not interfere with us any more. (Until next time.)

gd Ik es 73 de n6dmv